

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

No trauailer returnes, puzzles the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that wee know not of,  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought.  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard their currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred:

*Ophe.* Good my Lord,  
How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you; well.

*Ophe.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer,  
I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Ophe.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
There my Lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Ophe.* My Lord,

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Ophe.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and faire, you should admit  
no discourse to your beauty.

*Ophe.* Could beauty my Lord haue better comerce  
Then with honesty?

*Ham.* I truely, for the power of beauty will sooner transforme honesty  
from what it is to a baude, then the force of honesty can trans-  
late beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox, but now  
the time giues it prooffe, I did loue you once.

*Ophe.* Indeed my Lord you made me beleue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleue'd me, for vertue cannot so  
euacuat our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loued you not.

*Prince of Denmark*

*Ophe.* I was the more deceiued

*Ham.* Get thee a Nunry: why  
ners? I am my selfe indifferent how  
such things, that it were better my  
very proude, reuengefull, ambitious  
then I haue thoughts to put them  
or time to act them in: what shoulde  
tweene earth and heauen? we are  
go thy waies to a Nunry.

*Ophe.* At home my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doers be shut vp  
That he may play the foole no wh  
Farewell.

*Ophe.* O helpe him you sweet

*Ham.* If thou doost marry, Ile  
rie, be thou as chaste as yce, as pure  
lumay get thee to a Nunry, fare  
marry a foole, for wise men know  
make of them: to a Nunry goe.

*Ophe.* Heauenly powers rest

*Ham.* I haue heard of your pa  
uen you one face, and you make y  
ble, and you list you nickname C  
tonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no  
I say we will haue no mo marriag  
but one shal liue, the rest shall ke

*Ophe.* O what a noble mind  
The courtiers, souldiers, schollers  
Th' expectation, and Rose of the  
The glasse of fashion, and the me  
Th' obseru'd of all obseruers, qui  
And I of Ladies most deieft and  
That suckt the hony of his music  
Now see what noble and most so  
Like sweet bells iangled out of t  
That vnmatcht forme and statur  
Blasted with extacy. O wo is me  
Th' haue scene what I haue scene.